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The Box

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The Box

Ryan Frabizio

A green plastic golf tee
a white ceramic chess piece
an aging coin for fifty cents
and a thin filmy paper
bearing the Chinese for peace
pinned down by a small conch shell:
the world's most pathetic treasure
all in this small hollow wood in my palm.

His eyes were green and still yet bright
as when the sun reflects the sea.
They never dulled
but went from kindled to ash
in less than a night
leaving my life.

Letting go, heavy with woe
the little wooden submarine dives
carrying down its curious cargo
as his ashes swirl in milky waves
as if trying to open the hatch
or to sneak and peek in
to see what we left
to rest with him.